

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

NEW YORK BEAUTIES.

FAIR BELLES OF THIS WINTER'S METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

Sketches of Some of the Young Women Who Attract Most Attention in the Drawing Rooms of the Big City's Upper Ten.



BEAUTIFUL young women are interesting to everybody. There are many beautiful young women in New York society this winter, and of them all, one who attracts most attention is Miss May McClellan, the only daughter of the man who drove Lee out of Maryland at Antietam. She is large and fair, with a statelyness that harmonizes with her physique. Until the general's death the family lived at Orange, N. J. Since then Mrs. and Miss McClellan have lived abroad, whence Miss McClellan has occasionally sent a bright letter to the press in America.

Miss Fanny Pryor, daughter of Gen. Roger A. Pryor, is from the sunny south, and of a family tree so ancient and so well preserved that it has passed inspection at the court of Vienna, the most exacting court in Europe. Miss Pryor was presented to society last summer at Narragansett Pier.

Miss May M. Brady, the elder daughter of Judge John R. Brady of New York, is by many regarded the most beautiful girl in New York society. Her features are regular, her eyes of blue gray and large and expressive. Her manners, though dignified, are gracious.



MAY McCLELLAN.

ALICE LAWRENCE. BERTHA ROBINSON.

MRS. LEON HARVIER. KATHRYN BRADY.

Miss Mabel Curtis presides over the establishment of her father, Mr. Jeremiah Curtis. Her hair is of the Tintin tint, and contrasts beautifully with her fair complexion. Miss Curtis has achieved considerable reputation on the amateur stage.

Miss Anna Van Nest is the youngest daughter of Mr. Abraham R. Van Nest, who entertains in a beautiful home on Murray Hill. It is said that Miss Van Nest will soon desert the ranks of the young ladies of society to enter those of the married leaders.

Miss Beckwith is the daughter of Mr. N. M. Beckwith. Much of her life has been passed abroad, but when at home she has been an undisputed belle.



MISS PRYOR. MISS VAN NEST.

MABEL CURTIS. MISS BECKWITH.

MISS LAWRENCE. MISS ROBINSON.

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NEBRASKA CITY NEWS.

A Gossipy Society Letter From a Courier Correspondent.

This beautiful city on the banks of the Big Muddy is resplendent with all its winter glory, and the winter sports are enjoyed to their utmost.

The toboggan slide is running in full blast and the girls are gaining courage and taking advantage of their one year in four. One of our prominent young ladies proposed to a doctor, and he "was so sorry, but he'd have to ask his mother." Ma said no, and the girl is either going to commit suicide or propose to another "fel."

There are certainly queer personages and characters worthy of study in every community, and the eccentricities of some are worthy of note. Dr. K—, one of our leading physicians, may be classed with these. He is a man of 70 years and has a grip that would do credit to a man of 25. He has a weakness for collecting pocket-books, knives, and thimbles and will recite you a piece of poetry for a thimble and sing you a song for a knife or a pocket-book. He always carries at least five pocket-books, about twenty or more knives, and a goodly supply of thimbles.

Last Tuesday evening was the event of the finest ball of the season. It was a leap year party given by Mr. E. A. Brown, editor of the Press, to the ladies, each of whom was expected to engage the company of a gentleman. The programs were of a very neat design, and contained numbers which were thoroughly enjoyed by all. One side of the interleaf presented the smiling countenance of Mr. E. A. B., and the other the following suggestions:

1. The gentleman whose bouquet is not crushed in the first dance will be a witness to the fact that he has been held with propriety.

2. No gentleman shall cross the floor without a lady attendant.

3. If a gentleman goes for a glass of water unattended by a lady he will at once be declared out of order and be compelled to be seated.

4. Gentlemen are expected to be languid, to drop their handkerchief as often as possible and make frequent calls for water, and to behave in the most ladylike manner in all things.

About fifty couples were present, and the costumes of the ladies were elegant, being rich in texture and displaying the dressmaker's art to perfection. Among those present were Messrs. Kingsley, Magoon and Zehrung, and Messrs. Latta and Lincoln, and Mr. Clem Chase and wife of Omaha.

The contest over the will of the late Robert Hawke, by Wm. Hawke, has begun before Judge Mapes in the probate court. The provisions of the will are that if he would abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and leave his wife to receive his portion of the half million. The case is an interesting one and excites much comment as to the result.

Several weddings of importance occurred the past week, among which was the marriage of Miss Annie Calhoun, daughter of S. H. Calhoun, revenue collector of Nebraska, to Mr. J. H. Clark, a prominent business man of Kansas City.

Ed.

FAST LINE TO CALIFORNIA.

What the Union Pacific Has Done Toward Shortening the Time.

In these days of fast train service, of "flyers," "limiteds," "cannon ball trains," etc., it is certainly pleasant to know that in the way of railway accommodations we are not behind our friends of the more populous and wealthy east. The limited trains from Chicago to New York have long been a source of pride to the cause of much traveling, and to some extent the cause of much traveling, and today we hear no more of it, for in the west we now have our fast trains also, and thoroughly enjoy the situation.

Some ten days ago a COURIER representative had occasion to visit Denver and having heard much of the Union Pacific "Flyer" concluded to travel via that route, and it pleases us to state that it is certainly a very pleasant line to travel.

The route is an interesting one, and the equipment of the trains such as to make a trip all there could be in it. The line runs through some of the best farming lands in the state, and it is a pretty sight to observe, as we fly through the fields, the many comfortable-looking houses, with their cheerful surroundings and abundant live stock.

The "Flyer" leaves Omaha at 12:30 p.m. and reaches Valley at 1:30, where connections are made with the train from Lincoln. This train makes but few stops, and these only at most important points, and as we run through the various small towns, a healthy growth is noticeable and much life apparent.

A twenty minutes stop is made at Grand Island at 5:45 p.m. for supper, after which we are off again like a flash, and after an easy night's rest and sleep in the luxurious Pullman car, we arrive next morning at seven to find ourselves in Denver's magnificent union depot.

The Union Pacific "Flyer" which has already become a popular factor with the traveling public is made up principally of sleeping, baggage and express cars, with a "day coach" put on to accommodate such travel as stop off at the several important towns where regular stops are made. The equipment and train service is undoubtedly equal to the very best, while the road bed and smoothness with which the train rapidly moves is simply an excellence. The dining halls along the line are now under the company's own supervision and are conducted in a thoroughly first-class style, each house being built for this particular purpose. The tables are liberally supplied with the very best of the market affords. Courteous and attentive help is ever at hand, and ample time is given passengers to refresh their meals.

The fast train, however, making a big saving in time to Denver, was put on, in reality, more to lessen the time to California, which the Union Pacific has done, making a clear gain of 24 hours on the overland trip, and stands alone in its fast time record between Lincoln or Omaha and San Francisco, making a gain of 24 hours better time than any competing line. This accounts for the grand rush via the Union Pacific for California, and again the Union Pacific affords its passengers a through sleeping car service from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, an accommodation that no other line gives.

The people of Nebraska, and so it is that in our western friends, and if we are allowed to predict, it may be looked forward to that the "gravity wheel" will yet show the "efficiency" of a thing or two in passenger railway service.

IN FOREIGN FIELDS.

A COUNTRY DRIVE IN OLD ENGLAND.

From London to Outlands, the Old House of the Duke of York.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

TO SEE England to advantage one must get away from London, and walk or drive over her country roads and through her grand old parks and beside her well-tilled farms and neat villages. Of our frequent drives about England none gave us more enjoyment than our coaching party to Outlands.

It was the residence of a former Duke of York, and is about seventeen miles from London on the banks of the Thames. It is a few miles from "Virginia Waters," the latter resort consisting of a lovely lake in the midst of a fine wood, a portion of the Queen's Reservation in Windsor park. The walls of the Castle can be seen in the distance. The old house and grounds of the Duke are now leased for a summer hotel.

Accepting an invitation of a generous countryman of ours we joined a party of ten. At ten p.m. our great English coach and four started from Earl's Court, London. A few short notes of the huge indicated all ready and all aboard. Wraps and amule supplies for the inner man having been stowed away in the interior recesses of the coach, our whole party found comfortable seats on the top, including driver, groom and outrider. Carefully making our way through the crowded streets, we gradually came upon the open country. It was a bright moonlight night and the odor of the new mown hay and the fresh country air, after a warm day in the city, made our ride exceedingly exhilarating.

Our spirits rose with the occasion, and I doubt if a merrier party of Americans had ever invaded the English highways. The merry coachman's horn sounded our approach to every village and hamlet. The roads bordered everywhere by hedges and shade trees of almost every variety, gave picturesqueness to the landscape. The drive led us through a succession of parks and fine country seats, with splendid trees and holly hedges separating the grounds, gardens and fields. The houses all looked substantial and very antiquated. The churches were very pretty, nearly all ivy-covered, with well kept enclosures and neatly laid out burial grounds ad joining. We passed a few thatched cottages reminding us of the scarcely less primitive style of the old houses of our western prairies.

A strange mingling of grandeur and simplicity, of lords and tenants of rich and poor. The branches of the trees overhanging the roads kept us busy perched so high on our lofty coach, in keeping our hats from being brushed away. By 1 a.m. we reached Outlands. Our generous entertainer had ordered supper in the large dining hall of the Duke's palace. After a refreshing entertainment and a brief stroll under the moonlight shade of the grand old trees of the park, our party retired to splendid beds and bed rooms, with plenty of water, towels and other comforts in far greater abundance than Charles Dickens found at our hotels on his first visit to America, but our hotels here all improved since those days. It is true that the furniture was old-fashioned but substantial, three times the amount of material in them that we are accustomed to use. Perhaps this is better. Everything is heavy and substantial; the candles and candlesticks reminded us of the days gone by, but as we were all on a hunt after antiquities we were delighted with our surroundings—everything so English, you know.

The park extends from Waybridge to Walton, two miles, and from the Thames to St. George's hotel, three miles. Among the trees we noticed was the birch, which grows with a straight trunk than the oak, but its foliage is dense and affords a very grateful shade. The beech, the pine, the oak and the chestnut are the trees most common to be seen. We sometimes met the cedar of Lebanon and other rare trees. We saw some fine line trees, the great bee-feeding tree of the forest. The most curious is the "Acacia Imbricaria" of South America, the common name of which is the Monkey's Puzzle. It has a dark green stem, sending out its feeders, studded with sharp needle-like fringe.

One great charm of the English park is the great pains taken in domesticating the rare flora of other climes. Outlands has many lovely drives, and the whole place is adorned with forest and meadow flower gardens, lakes and gravelled walks. The late Duke, we were informed, on account of his evil habits, ran through his whole estate, in riotous living. He married a German princess who, innocent of any large mental resources or culture, in the proved the frequent absence of her lord, in cultivating the companionship of dogs. The *locum tenens* showed us the tombs of six-seventy dogs, whose virtues were all inscribed on the neat marble slab at the head of each little grave.

Adjoining Outlands is the fine estate of Sir William Drake. The grounds and gardens are kept in fine condition by the head gardener, by whom our hotel table was supplied with delicious strawberries and other fruits. This was the season of flowers and the wealth of nature in her sweet perfumes, it was indeed a pleasure to enjoy on this bright July day.

After a refreshing sleep in the old mansion of the Duke, we took breakfast and then proceeded in the hotel coach to the boat house on the banks of the Thames. Here our party was divided, occupying two boats, and after a few hours rowing towards Windsor we stopped for an hour on the bank, under the shade of a clump of trees, and ate our lunch. We passed pleasure boats of all kinds and neatly constructed steamers, one containing the outfit of the Cambridge boat club returning from their contest with the Oxford boys.

The chronicles of Outlands by a Mr. North contains a history of the park and the great duties of the manor. He has also written a book on the rides and drives about England. We have not read these books and can say nothing of their value, but we can speak of the strawberries from Sir William Drake's garden. They were large and fine and of most delicious flavor, and are considered equal to any grown in England. His well-informed gardener gave us the names of a few of the best varieties, viz.: "The Viscount's Hercule," "De Thuy" and "Sir Charles Napier." These may be obtained at Turner's nursery, Slough, near Windsor.

We did not go to Windsor castle at this time, but our drive took us through a portion of the extensive parks and lawns. We saw a few specimens of the *Wellingtonia Gigantica* or *Sequoia*, the big tree of California, several had reached the height of sixty feet of

more—a hundred or more being the height attained in California. They seemed vigorous enough, and perhaps in the lapse of centuries may establish some claim to their parentage.

Returning at one p.m. we resumed our coaching drive to "Virginia Waters." The hotel is situated near the banks of a lovely lake, the property of the crown, and surrounded by a dense forest which was laid out and planted in 1775. The house and gardens adjoining are open to visitors and you may have your choice of eating under the vine-covered arbors or within the hotel. The charming weather and the bright roses decided us to order lunch under the shade. These English country inns are one of the institutions we can recommend for comfort and for their neat and well-furnished meals.

We returned to Outlands by a new road, always in sight of charming residences, parks and lawns, as we could enjoy at no other season. We reached Outlands under the bright moonlight and strolled for an hour under its charming groves. Sight seeing in England is no easy work, and after the constant strain of every sense, seizing upon every object of interest, we were glad to seek our couches for repose.

The day following the shrill horn of our outrider announced that we were all ready for the start. We returned to London by way of Richmond and "Bushey Park" and through the long avenues of chestnuts, the finest specimens in England if not in the world. We drew up for a brief stop at the "Star and Garter," a hotel famous in England's annals, and even more noted since Charles Dickens penned his "Pickwick Papers." From the terrace in the rear of the hotel the view is very fine, overlooking an immense stretch of the forest and richly laid out estates, many of England's choicest homes, where the living and dead heroes were born. We reached London at 3 p.m., after our first view of English country life.

We have not described the many beautiful edifices on the way, many of them hundreds of years old, all covered with ivy and the moss of ages, every monument and stone eloquent of the past achievements of buried generations, and the evidences on all sides of the present living and industrious races of men who have carried civilization with all its art and refinements, not only to English homes, but to every clime on which the sun shines.

STOMA.

How It's Done.

Patron—Waiter, bring me a cup of tea and a leg of turkey.

Waiter (to cook)—Boaked mullin and a kyouck kicker—Nebraska State Journal.

Pleasant Hour Party.

Last Thursday evening the seventh Pleasant Hour party was held at the Masonic temple, and as is always the case with this club, a most enjoyable and successful party was the result. The programs were particularly unique, upon which was printed twelve numbers, and two extras. Music was furnished by the Philharmonic orchestra who are always in tune.

Those present were: Mr. F. C. Zehrung and Miss Talbot, Mr. George Foreman and Miss Latta, Mr. E. B. Smith and Miss Hawkins, Mr. Lewis and Miss Funke, Mr. Hardy and Miss Wells, Mr. Copper and Miss Holmes, Mr. Deacon Brown and Miss Dickey, Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Perryman, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Beeson, Mr. and Mrs. Buckstaff, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrus and Miss Link, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Townley, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden. Also, Messrs. A. B. Smith, Heiskell, Magoon, Polk, and Kingsley.

The costumes were, as usual, very pretty, consisting of the following:

Miss Latta, black lace, with tulle; Miss Funke, white cashmere and pink roses; Miss Dickey, white silk and lace with roses; Miss Hawkins, blue cashmere and yellow roses; Miss Holmes, pink and white silk, white roses; Miss Wells, black silk and jet ornaments; Miss Talbot, Nile green China silk; Miss Link, black lace; Mrs. Dennis, navy blue silk with brocade; Mrs. Townley, black velvet brocade; Mrs. Perryman, black tulle with silk ornaments; Mrs. Sheldon, black silk with jet; Mrs. Beeson, black silk and lace; Mrs. Buckstaff, pink satin with lace; Mrs. Thompson, black silk with lace; Mrs. Andrus, black lace; Mrs. Foster, Nile green with lace; Mrs. Hayden, white silk; Mrs. May, black tulle.

The gentlemen were arrayed in the conventional black, with diamonds and gaily smiles, looking more charming than usual.

That was a delightful leap year party the young ladies of Omaha gave their gentlemen friends, Tuesday evening, at Masonic hall in that city. We had the pleasure of receiving an invitation, also of accepting it, and as a novel party it was certainly one of the most pleasant affairs we have ever attended. The ladies left nothing undone that would add to the brilliancy of the affair or to its success, and how royally they succeeded everyone present knows best. The charming females called for the gentlemen in carriages, with footmen to usher the sterner sex to the vehicles. They had procured and arranged in a very pretty program, and of the eighteen numbers, one was a "Gents choice." The music was furnished by the entire Musical Union orchestra, and the occasion was one that the young ladies will long remember and the gentlemen always appreciate. The Misses Rose Fisher of New York, Sarah Rosenburg of Chicago, and Clara Schostinger of Omaha, comprised the committee, and very creditably did their duty on every detail of the arrangements.

A sumptuous banquet was spread on the balcony, which was a pleasant feature of the affair. The ladies permitted the gentlemen to pay for nothing, and in every particular carried out to a successful ending a grand leap year party.

DENVER IN MID-WINTER.

THE COLD CLIMATE OF THE ROCKIES.

A Visit to the Colorado Capital—The Opera House—Minor Matters.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

COMPARATIVELY few strangers are to be seen here at this season of the year, summer, almost every one knows being Denver's best season for visitors, sight-seers, tourists, etc. There is quite a comparison between the two seasons in the mountains. Many are of the opinion that at this time the atmosphere is extremely cold, even more so than it is at Omaha or that vicinity, and when the thermometer is left to judge, it certainly corroborates all such statement, but instead of a damp, windy, cold day we find here a dry, calm atmosphere, so that in reality twenty degrees below zero in Denver would not be as effective as ten degrees at Lincoln. Then again, another idea that is certainly erroneous, is in thinking that the snow fall is heavier here, when it is not near as heavy as at our respective homes in Nebraska. I was quite surprised when told that there had been so little snow in Denver this winter that to go sleighing was, in almost impossible, not enough snow had fallen to allow a sleigh to run easily over its surface.

In our next issue will be found an interesting convincing article on the Winters of Colorado, written by my esteemed friend, Mr. Stanley Wood of the Denver & Rio Grande passenger department.

A visitor to Denver who does not see the Tabor Grand opera house misses one of the most interesting and handsomest sights in the city. This magnificent temple of amusement, as it may well be termed, is one of the finest in Uncle Sam's domain. It was built in 1879 at a cost of \$750,000, which includes the elegant Tabor opera house block. The furnishings of the interior are elaborate, but not glaring or gaudy. Everything is of the very finest and made in the very best style. The architecture is of the most modern, and the exits are spacious and convenient in case of fire. Mr. Pete McCourt, a gentleman of more than ordinary popularity among the theatrical profession, is manager of the house and keeps on the boards a constant run of first-class attractions that are in keeping with the house.

Haverly's Minstrels are playing to immense business and giving general satisfaction. I saw them in Lincoln early in this season and they were, so to speak, "very thin" but since that time the company has been greatly strengthened, so that now they give a very creditable performance, devoid of the usual amount of minstrel chestnuts. Ed Manning is now with the company, and together with Geo. Wilson, Lew Spencer and Harry Armstrong present a number of novelties recently added that gives the show a place among the leaders of American minstrelsy.

Denver, at this season, has considerable more life than I had expected to see. There is always a large amount of traveling through many of the winter tourists to California stopping off at Denver to see the pretty city, and as a sort of a resting place while on a long journey. Trade, therefore, is always fair here, and merchants generally do not complain of dull times.

I am told that many persons are now at Manitou and similar resorts in Colorado, and that they prefer to remain there rather than go to their colder homes in the east. The mountains and valleys present a most charming appearance and the atmosphere is such as to give health, vigor and energy to all.

The horse car system here is an admirable one and the rolling stock the finest I have ever seen. The cushions are of elegant upholstery, the cars neatly and handsomely painted, built in the latest improved style and the horses large and healthy-looking, and have not the appearance of quadrupeds of lony structure. The windows are of hand-somely carved glass, and the employees all attired in bright, blue uniforms. A street car in most any part of the city lands one at the Union depot, and the stranger who seeks any particular address in the city will find at the south entrance of the depot, cars for every portion of Denver and an agent in uniform to direct and assist passengers to their proper car.

As for hotels, Denver certainly has some very elegant ones, prominent among them being the well known Albany, corner Seventeenth and Stout streets. Being centrally located, commanding an excellent view of the surrounding city, it is liberally patronized by the refined and wealthy classes. The hotel was recently built regardless of expense, and nothing has been left undone to make it a model resort. Every modern convenience is to be found, while the interior finish and arrangements is by far the prettiest of any hotel in the west. This is the house Mr. J. J. Imhoff of Lincoln had nearly completed arrangements for, but finally failed to get hold of. Mr. Kitchen, late of our city, has also, since then, tried to lease the house, but could not come to agreeable terms, so bought the Tabor Grand at Leaville, and I am told, is doing well.

Mr. Nix, the Chicago hotel man, is now proprietor of the house, while Mr. Kintz ably conducts the business interests of the house. The service is unsurpassed in all its appointments and the place generally is run in thorough first-class style. Lincolnites while in Denver will find the Albany a delightful resort to stop at.

Days are growing longer.

Have you broken your New Year resolution yet?

Mr. D. D. Muir has recovered from his recent attack of illness.

In the most farcical comedy called "Town Lots," in which E. L. Walton, the comedian, will star, a novelty in the way of a pneumatic cannon will be introduced. It has been patented by Winslow, the author of the play, and possibly from a farcical idea a mighty engine of war may be developed. "Town Lots" ought to take well in the west.

Engraved Calling Cards.

It is becoming more fashionable day by day for ladies to use the engraved calling card instead of the written or printed, and to be up with the times the COURIER now offers a line of these choice goods at eastern prices. During the past week we have taken no less than a dozen orders from the leading society ladies of the city, and it will afford us pleasure to show specimens of the work to all who may call. The engraving is done in the very finest style of the art, and the various shapes in cards are all represented. Ladies are invited to call on us in the new Burr block.

REGARDING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A New House that Enters the Field Under Favorable Circumstances.

Of the several new firms that have recently launched their ships on the commercial sea of Lincoln, none have a brighter prospect than the firm of Curtice and Thiers, the gentlemen who have recently opened an establishment for the sale of pianos and organs at 1137 O street.

The firm has a very large room over Perkins Bros' shoe store, which is stocked with a line of fine instruments as can be found anywhere, representing none but the finest makes. They are both young men, and as to their capability of conducting this important industry there is no room for doubt.

Mr. Curtice, the senior member of the firm, is a gentleman of whom it might be said was born in the music business. For seventeen years he has been constantly devoted to that calling. He is a practical piano tuner, thoroughly understands every detail of the instrument and now controls the bulk of the tuning work in this city. As an artist on the ivory and the posted on the rudiments of music, Mr. Curtice needs to take a back seat for no one. He has resided in Lincoln for the past eight years and long enough to gain the confidence and good will of a large and increasing trade, having been with the music house of Mr. W. H. Prescott until he closed out, at which time Mr. C. T. became his successor.

Mr. Thiers is a gentleman well known in the music trade, having heretofore and up to the time he joined forces with Mr. Curtice, acted as the Lincoln agent of Lyon & Healy, whose warehouses were located in the Davis block. He came here two years ago, and in that period of time is given the credit for selling more pianos than any other house in the city. Mr. Thiers is no novice at the trade, having handled the best makes of instruments for the past seven years. Before coming west he was engaged five years with two of the largest piano manufacturers of New York, and has acquired a knowledge of the trade that few men in the west have attained. He is thoroughly conversant with each detail of a piano and is competent to explain the various points, action, construction, etc.

The goods handled by the firm are of the popular makes and need no special recommendation to sell them. They have in stock and are sole agents for the Weber, Pesse and Haines pianos, also for the Whitney & Molins and Story & Clark organs. The Haines piano is the one that Pettit uses on her tours and has with her at her castle in Wales. It is also the piano used by other eminent musical people. There is much to be said of the Weber piano and there is ample good qualities in it worthy of comment. In fact the Weber piano has lately taken a wonderful boom. Recently at the Metropolitan opera house, in New York, when the young prodigy Master Hoffmann, the ten year old musician appeared before the most critical audience, perhaps in the world, a Weber piano was used, and has since been recommended by both the wonderful young artist and his manager as being the best piano made.

The audience was charmed with the concert, and young Hoffmann admits that his phenomenal success is due to a great extent to using the Weber piano. The Pesse piano is of more recent pattern and contains some very valuable points. We could go into further detail on this subject, but it is unnecessary, for everyone knows the high standard of them all.

In conclusion, the COURIER would advise its readers when contemplating the purchase of a piano or any other musical instrument, to call on Messrs. Curtice & Thiers, get their prices and inspect their fine line of goods.

They deal direct with the factories, pay no middleman profits, and will duplicate any and all competition. You are invited to call at any time and will be duly welcomed.

A Real Surprise.

A most perfect surprise party was given on Tuesday eve, the 24th, to Mr. George McArthur, it being his 31st anniversary.

A small company consisting of Mr. Porte and Miss Alice McConiff, Alex. Wessel and Miss Meagher, Mr. Henkle and Miss Gerie Marquett, Mr. Hoffelinger and Miss Mathews, Mr. Kingsbury and Miss Hattie Leland, Mr. Carothers and Miss Carrie Leland and Miss Chic Brown, met at the residence of Miss Brown, and at 8 o'clock stole softly over to the home of Mr. McArthur. A telephone message was then sent to him saying that Miss B— and her mother had happened in to spend the evening, and if convenient they would like to have him come up. He very politely answered that he would come up, and was soon on the scene of action, which proved a most perfect surprise.

The evening was passed in dancing, music being furnished by Prof. Webster, and at 11 o'clock a very elegant supper was served, which did credit to the hostess. To each lady was presented a very elegant bouquet, and all who were present had a jolly time.

The COURIER extends its congratulations to George and wishes him many more similar anniversaries. Among other presents received was a check from his father for \$150, and an elegant large painting from Miss Brown.

Over the Burlington commenced running trains over its long line into Cheyenne last Sunday.

Mr. Jonas Schlos, of Baltimore, a prominent knight of the grip, was doing Lincoln this week.

The Psychology of Joking.

Dr. Hinghins-Jackson publishes some interesting remarks on this topic in The Lancet. He regards joking as the lowest stage of the evolution of humor, but even in the pun he sees a material for the study of normal mentation. In a pun we have two ideas called to the mind at once—a double vision, as it were; and as all thought is the comparison of relations, this is simply a caricature of the normal process of thought.

Again: the world owes a great debt to the first punster, because he began the "play" of the mind (in the same sense as art is founded on the play instinct), and so detached himself from the grossly useful, and showed a surplus energy capable of developing into the highest traits of mankind. To lack a sense of humor is a bad thing. "The man who has no sense of humor, who takes things to be literally as distinct as they superficially appear, does not see fundamental similarities in the midst of great superficial differences, overlooks the transitions between great contrasts. I do not mean because he has no sense of humor, but because he has not the surplus intellect which sense of humor implies."—Science.